"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name (My nature), *there I am in the midst of them."*—Jesus.

At the first Whitsuntide, the disciples were gathered together in that little "Upper Room" in ONE consciousness, with ONE purpose and then, in that unity, the "Spirit of the Lord" came upon them and They received great blessings.

In like unity of consciousness, all those who now desire healing of their bodies, minds and affairs; harmony and peace in their homes and worlds; the manifestation of money and every good thing in their hands and use and the illumination of their minds, are invited to meet (mentally) in consciousness with others of like intent at the same time they meet.

Every Tuesday evening from 7 to 10 o'clock P.M. and daily from 7 to 8 o'clock A.M. (both Eastern Daylight Time), groups of dedicated men and women meet together and lovingly place all human problems in the hands of the Heavenly Father, invoking all His help to solve those problems and remove all their attendant distresses. If each individual desiring such assistance will observe these periods as a "quiet" time in his or her own home (adjusting the time in their locality to meet the hours above), they will be sure to feel the "sweet anointing from above." Try this! Wherever you are, enter into this consciousness regularly with these groups for a few weeks. You will feel the added assistance to your own endeavors. Then be sure to "keep on keeping on" until your world and affairs are all that you desire. Remember "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success!" God bless you!

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HEALTH OPULENCE PEACE ENLIGHTENMENT

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ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold!
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold
And to the Presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: "I pray, thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men!"
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

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THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD — Life of Lord Buddha
"FINGER GARLAND"— A true story
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THE JUGGLER OF NOTRE DAME

(A story of practical devotion)

In the days of King Louis there was a poor juggler in France, a native of Compiegne, Barnaby by name, who went about from town to town, performing feats of skill and strength. On fair days, he would unfold an old wornout carpet in the Square and when, by means of a jovial address (which he had learned of a very ancient juggler and which he never varied in the least) he had drawn together the children and loafers, he assumed extraordinary attitudes and balanced a tin plate on the tip of his nose. At first, the crowd would feign indifference.

But when, supporting himself on his hands, face downwards, he threw into the air six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine and caught them again with his feet; or when, throwing himself backwards until his heels and the nape of his neck met, giving his body the form of a perfect wheel, he would juggle in this posture with a dozen knives, a murmur of admiration would escape the spectators and pieces of money would rain down upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like the majority of those who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiegne had a great struggle to make a living. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he bore rather more than his share of the penalties consequent upon the misdoings of our father Adam.

He was unable to work as constantly as he would have been willing to do. The warmth of the sun and the broad daylight were as necessary to enable him to display his brilliant art as the sunshine is necessary to the trees if flower and fruit should be expected of them. In the wintertime he was nothing more than a tree stripped of its leaves and like as if it were dead. The frozen ground was hard to the juggler and, like the grasshopper of which Marie de France tells us, the inclement season caused him to sufler both cold and hunger; but as he was simple-natured, he bore his ills patiently.

He had never meditated on the origin of wealth, nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that if this life should prove hard, the life to come could not fail

to redress the balance and this hope upheld him. He did not resemble those thievish and miscreant Merry Andrews who sell their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed God's name; he lived uprightly and although he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbors.

He was a worthy man who loved God and was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin. Never did he fail, on entering a church, to fall upon his knees before the image of the Mother of God and offer up this prayer to Her: "BLESSED LADY, KEEP WATCH OVER MY LIFE UNTIL IT SHALL PLEASE GOD THAT I DIE; AND WHEN I AM DEAD ENSURE TO ME THE POSSESSION OF THE JOYS OF PARADISE."

Now on a certain evening after a dreary, wet day, as Barnaby pursued his road, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his juggling equipment wrapped up in his old carpet, on the watch for some barn where, though he might not sup, he might sleep, he perceived a monk on the road, going in the same direction as himself. He saluted him courteously and as they walked along at the same rate they fell into conversation with one another.

"Fellow traveler," said the monk, "how comes it about that you are all clothed in green? Is it perhaps in order to take the part of a jester in some mystery play?"

"Not at all, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you see me, I am called Barnaby and for my calling I am a juggler. There would be no pleasanter calling in the world if it would always provide one with daily bread."

"Friend Barnaby," returned the monk, "be careful what you say. There is no calling more pleasant than the monastic life. Those who lead it are occupied with the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints. Indeed, the religious life is one ceaseless hymn to the Lord."

Barnaby replied: "Good father, I own that I spoke like an ignorant man. Your calling cannot be in any respect compared to mine and although there may be some merit in dancing with a penny balanced on a stick on the tip of one's nose, it is not a merit which comes within hail of your own. Gladly would I, like you, good father, sing my office day by day and, especially, the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have

vowed a singular devotion. In order to embrace the monastic life I would willingly abandon the art by which from Soissons to Beauvais I am well known in upwards of six hundred towns and villages."

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity and, as he was not lacking in discernment, he at once recognized in Barnaby one of those men of whom it is said in the Scriptures: "Peace on earth *to men of good will.*" For this reason he replied: "Friend Barnaby, come with me and I will have you admitted into the monastery of which I am Prior. He who guided Saint Mary of Egypt in the desert set me upon your path to lead you into the way of salvation."

It was in this manner that Barnaby became a monk. In the monastery into which he was received, the religious vied with one another in the worship of the Blessed Virgin and in Her honor, each employed all the knowledge and all the skill which God had given him.

The Prior on His part wrote books dealing, according to the rules of the scholarship, with the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice, with deft hand, copied out these treatises upon sheets of vellum. Brother Alexander adorned the leaves with delicate miniature paintings.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary. He spent all his days carving images in stone, so that his beard, his eyebrows and his hair were white with dust and his eyes continually swollen with weeping; but his strength and cheerfulness were not diminished, although he was now well gone in years. It was clear that the Queen of Paradise did cherish Her servant in his old age.

In the Priory, moreover, were poets who composed hymns in Latin, both in prose and verse, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Amongst the company was even a brother from Picardy who sang the miracles of Our Lady in rhymed verse.

Being a witness of this emulation in praise and the glorious harvest of their labors, Barnaby mourned his own igorance and simplicity. "Alas!" he sighed, as he took his solitary walk in the little shelterless garden of the monastery, "wretched man that I am, that I am unable, like my brothers, worthily to praise the Holy Mother of God to whom I have vowed my whole heart's affection. Alas! alas! I am but a rough man and

unskilled in the arts. I can render you in service, Blessed Lady, neither edifying sermons, nor ingenious paintings, nor statues truthfully sculptured, nor verses whose march is measured to the beat of feet. No gift have I, alas!"

After this fashion he groaned and gave himself up to sorrow. One evening, when the monks were spending their hour of liberty in conversation, he heard one of them tell the tale of a religious man who could repeat nothing other than the Ave Maria. This poor man was despised for his ignorance; but after his death there issued forth from his mouth five roses in honor of the five letters of the name Mary (Maria) and thus his sanctity was made manifest.

Whilst he listened to this narrative, Barnaby marveled yet again at the loving kindness of the Virgin. However, the lesson of that blessed death did not avail to console him for his heart overflowed with zeal and he longed to advance the glory of his Lady, Who is in Heaven.

How to compass this he sought, but could find no way. Day by day he became the more cast down. Then one morning he awakened filled with joy, hastened to the Chapel and remained there alone for more than an hour. After dinner, he returned to the Chapel once more.

Starting from that time, he repaired daily to the Chapel at such hours as is was deserted and spent within it a good part of the time which the other monks devoted to the liberal and mechanical arts. His sadness vanished and no longer did he groan. A demeanor so strange awakened the curiosity of the monks. They began to ask one another for what purpose Brother Barnaby could be indulging so persistently in daily retreat.

The Prior, whose duty it is to let nothing escape Him in the behavior of His children in religion, resolved to keep a watch over Barnaby during his withdrawals to the chapel. One day, then, when he was shut up there after his custom, the Prior, accompanied by two of the older monks, went to discover through the chinks in the door what was going on within the Chapel.

They saw Barnaby before the altar of the blessed Virgin, head downwards, with his feet in the air and he was juggling with six balls of copper and a dozen knives. In honor of the Holy Mother of God, he was performing those feats which

aforetime had won him most renown. Not recognizing that the simple fellow was thus placing at the service of the Blessed Virgin his knowledge and skill, the two old monks exclaimed against the sacrilege.

The Prior was aware how stainless was Barnaby's soul but he concluded that he had been seized with madness. They were all three preparing to lead him swiftly from the Chapel when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of Her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from Her juggler's forehead.

Then the Prior, falling upon his face upon the pavement, uttered these words: *"Blessed are the simple-hearted for they shall see God."*

"Amen!" responded the old brethren and kissed the ground.

From *Mother of Pearl,* by Anatole France. Published by Dodd, Mead and Co. and John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd., of London.

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling Cymbal. Though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; though I have all Faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not Love, I am nothing. Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and have not Love, it profiteth *me* nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind!
Love envieth not!
Love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up!
Love doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not Her own;
Is not easily provoked;
Thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the Truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things."

St. Paul (I Cor. XIII)

Everyone has asked himself the great question: "What is the summum bonum—the supreme good?" You have life before you. What is your Divine destiny, the supreme virtue to attain?

We have been told that the greatest thing in the world is Faith. Paul says: "If I have *all* Faith, so that I can remove mountains *and have not Love,* I am nothing!" He deliberately evaluates the three virtues: "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love *and the greatest of these is Love.*" This statement is not the result of Paul's personal prejudice. A man is apt to recommend to others his own strong point. The study of Paul's life shows that Love was not his own personal forte.

Peter, confirming the truth as presented by Paul, says: *"Above all things have fervent Love among yourselves."* John goes further, saying: "God IS Love." Paul makes the profound remark: "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Did you ever think what He meant by that? In those days, men were endeavoring to work their passage into Heaven by keeping the Ten Commandments and the hundred and ten other commandments which they had manufactured out of the original ten. Christ said: "I will show you a more simple way. If you do this one thing, you will automatically do these hundred and ten things. If you love, you will fulfill the whole Law." Jesus' entire Ministry was based upon the practical and oft-repeated admonition *"love one another as I have loved you."*

Take any of the commandments: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me." If a man *loves* God, he will not need to be reminded to place God *first* in his heart. "Take not His Name in vain." Would a man ever dream of taking God's Name in vain *if* he loved Him? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Would a man who truly loved God not only be too glad to have one day in seven to dedicate more exclusively to the Object of his affection? If a man truly loved his fellowman, he would not have to be told to honor his father and his mother. It would be preposterous to tell such a man not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggested that he should not steal, for how could he steal from those he loved? It would be superfluous to beg him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. If a man loved his neighbor as himself, he would not dream of slandering him. Such a man need not be urged not to covet what his neighbors had. In this way, Love (a true feeling in the heart) enables a man to fulfill all the Commandments.

Paul contrasts Love with other things of which men in His day thought much. He contrasts Love with eloquence, the

power of playing upon the souls and wills of men and rousing them to lofty purposes and holy deeds. Paul says: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels *and have not Love* I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." We have all felt the brazenness of words without true feeling, the hollowness, the unaccountable unpersuasiveness of eloquence behind which lies no Love.

In the heart of Africa, men's faces light up as they speak of the kind doctor, David Livingstone, who passed through their country years ago. They could not understand his words but they felt the Love that beat in his heart. Love is truly the universal language.

Paul, in three very short verses, gives us an amazing analysis of Love. It is a compound virtue, He tells us. As a beam of light, passed through a crystal prism, comes out on the other side broken up into its component colors—blue, yellow, violet, orange and all the colors of the rainbow, so does Paul pass Love through the magnificent prism of His inspired consciousness and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. Ponder the spectrum of Love and notice that its component parts have common names. They are virtues which we hear about every day. They are feelings which can be practiced by every man. Observe how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme Nature of God Himself—Divine Love—can be inculcated into the feelings of any man. The spectrum of Love has nine ingredients:

Patience:	"Love suffereth long"
Kindness:	"And is kind"
Generosity:	"Love envieth not"
Humility:	"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up"
Courtesy:	"Doeth not behave itself unseemly"
Selflessness:	"Seeketh not her own"
Good Temper:	"Is not easily provoked"
Guilelessness:	"Thinketh no evil"
Sincerity:	"Rejoiceth not in inquity but rejoiceth in truth"

These combined virtues are a true expression of Divine Love as are all the combined colors of the spectrum—a true expression of Light. You will observe that all are in relation to life; in relation to dealings with your fellowman; in relation to the known today and the near tomorrow and not to an

unknown "eternity". We hear much of Love of God; Christ spoke much of *Love of men.* "If ye cannot "Love Me, Whom you *have seen,* how can ye love The Father Whom ye *have not seen*?" We make a great deal of peace with Heaven. Christ made much of peace on Earth, where peace is needed most! Religion should not be a strange nor abstract belief but rather a practical manifestation of good will in the secular life, the breathing of the Holy Spirit through the hearts of all men, one to the other.

Following is a passing note upon each of these ingredients. Love is *patience.* This is the normal attitude of Love, not in a hurry; calm, doing its work as required, wearing an ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Love suffers long and is kind; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things. Love *understands* and patiently waits for opportunity to serve.

Kindness. Much of Jesus' life was spent in doing kind things. He spent a great portion of His time simply in making people happy, in doing good turns to people (healing the afflicted, raising their dead, nourishing their souls with Wisdom's balm). There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world and that is holiness—spiritual grace which comes as a direct gift from God. God has put in man's power the capacity to generate happiness in the hearts of those about us and that is largely to be secured by our being sincerely kind to them.

It is written: "The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children." "Do this in My Name", said Jesus! How much the world needs kindness! How easily opportunities to practice kindness can be found! How instantaneously kindness acts! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back to its giver!

> Browning says: "Love is the energy of life!
> For life, with all it yields of joy and woe and hope and fear,
> Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love—
> How love might be, hath been indeed, and is."

Where God is, *Love is.* He that dwelleth in the spirit of true Divine Love, dwelleth in God's Presence. Lavish Love upon the poor, *where it is very easy to do so*; and especially upon the rich, *who often need it most*; most of all upon our equals, *where it is very difficult* and for whom, perhaps, we

each do least of all. There is a difference between *trying to please* and *giving pleasure.* Learn to give pleasure wisely. This is the mark of a truly loving spirit.

Generosity. "Love envieth not." This is Love as expressed in the task of working with others. Whenever you attempt a good work, you will find others doing the same kind of work and *probably doing it better.* Envy them not. Envy is a feeling of ill-will to those who are in the same line of service as ourselves. The most despicable of all the unworthy moods (envy) which cloud a man's soul, assuredly waits for us on the threshold of every work, unless we are fortified with the grace of magnanimity.

After having learned and applied all this, you have to learn this further thing: *Humility.* Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after Love has gone forth from you into the world and done its beautiful work, *say nothing about it.* "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

The fifth ingredient is *Courtesy.* This is Love in society; Love in relation to etiquette. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Courtesy is Love in little things. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because Burns truly loved everything—the mouse and the daisy and all things great and small. The meaning of the word "gentleman" is a *gentle* man—a man who does things gently with Love. The gentle man, in the nature of things, cannot do an ungentle thing.

Selflessness. "Love seeketh not her own." "Seekest thou great *things* for thyself?" said the prophet. "Seek them not." Why? Because there is no lasting greatness in *things*! The only greatness is in service. *Selflessness consists of impersonal service to others.* "He who would be great among you," said Jesus, *"let him serve."* Let him remember: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The next ingredient is a very remarkable one—*Good Temper.* "Love is not easily provoked." We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness. Yet here, right in the heart of this analysis of Love, it finds a place. The Bible again and again returns to condemn ill temper as one of the most destructive elements of human nature. The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the *vice of the virtuous.* It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. It is the "intermittent fever" which bespeaks unintermittent disease within: the occasional bubble escaping to the surface which betrays some rottenness underneath; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul, dropped involuntarily when off one's guard. *For,* a lack of patience, a lack of kindness, a lack of generosity, a lack of courtesy, a lack of selflessness, a lack of humility, are all instantaneously revealed in one flash of ill temper.

Guilelessness and *Sincerity* may be dismissed almost without a word. Guilelessness is a grace to be cultivated by suspicious people. The possession of it is the great secret of personal influence. In an atmosphere of suspicion, men shrivel up. If we try to influence, teach and elevate others, we shall soon see that our success is in proportion to *their* belief of *our* belief in them.

"Love rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in Truth." *This is Sincerity.* For he who loves will love Truth not less than men. He will rejoice in the Truth, rejoice not just in confirmation of what previously he has been taught to believe; not in this Church's doctrine or in that; not in this "ism" or in that "ism"; but in the Truth. He will accept only what is real; he will strive to get at facts; he will search for Truth with a humble, open and unbiased mind and cherish whatever he finds, no matter at what personal sacrifice.

The business of our lives is to learn how to generate the feeling of Divine Love. Life is full of opportunities to learn to love. The world is not a play-ground. It is a schoolroom. Life is not a holiday but an education. The one eternal lesson placed before us all is *how better we can love!*

What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? *Practice!* There is nothing capricious about religion. Love is not a fleeting sentiment; an emotional outlet of a moment. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous *feeling* and expression of the whole character—the Christ-like Nature—in its fullest development. The constituents of this character are only builded into human nature by ceaseless practice. Try to give up the idea that mastery comes to us by chance, by mystery or by caprice. It comes to us by natural law and daily practice of the virtues which constitute Divine Love.

Now we come to the closing reason for Paul's singling

out *Love* as the supreme virtue. It is a very remarkable reason. Concisely: "LOVE IS ETERNAL." "Love," affirms Paul, "never faileth." John says of the world, not that it is wrong, but simply that it "passeth away." There are a great many things in the world that are delightful and beautiful; there is a great deal in the world that is great and engrossing; but these things we shall all sooner or later be called upon to leave. We will take with us through the change called death only the *ability* to love, which we have achieved through practice in daily living.

To love abundantly is to live abundantly. To love forever is to live forever. Hence, eternal life is inextricably bound up with the capacity to love. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth already in God—for God is Love! Such a man can truly say, as Jesus did: "He who has seen Me has seen the Father, for the Father and I are ONE in nature—LOVE!"

An excerpt from *The Greatest Thing in the World,* by Henry Drummond.

LOOKING AHEAD IN EDUCATION

IV—Its Basic Principle: Love (or Charity)

Scribes, Pharisees, doctors, lawyers and the learned men of His day, came to Jesus with questions concerning the Law, constituent principles and fixed precepts, by which practical accomplishments were to be assured. Not so much in the spirit of seeking for truth did they come, as with a curious, fluctuating and apprehensive mind, doubting the practicality of His teaching, or desiring to entrap Him in a statement of His Own making.

When one from among them tempted Him saying: "What commandment is the first of all?" He replied, as we know: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and the greatest commandment; and the second is like unto it! Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

He thus directed the attention immediately to the Source from whence all blessings come,—to the Universal First Cause

from which is poured gifts and powers in such great profusion that all beings human and Divine perceive only a few of the ideas that are released from the mind and heart of the Father.

Raising our attention in reverence, gratitude and praise to this Source of our life is a practical activity, a most scientific aspect of the Law. It brings relaxation to the mind, healing to the body and the assurance of the Comforting Presence of the Holy Spirit to the feelings. The pouring forth of the gratitude of one's love and life multiplies and makes things grow whether it be a garden, a painting, an invention or a friendship.

Loving one's neighbor as one's self implies recognizing and adoring the same God Presence in our fellow-man as in ourselves.

"M. Boudon, an eminent surgeon, was one day sent for by the Cardinal Du Bois, Prime Minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The Cardinal said to him: "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hotel Dieu!"

"My lord," replied M. Boudon with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes."

"Having in my youth notions of severe piety" said a Persian writer, "I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy children are lost in irreligious slumber while I alone wake to praise God."

"Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brothers!"

As Adelaide Procter puts it:—

"Judge not:
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-worn field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

Early in the last century, when Elizabeth Fry was giving all her energies to work among the convicts in English prisons, a lady companion, noting that she was greeted affectionately as a familiar friend by the wretched inmates of the women's cells

in Newgate, asked of what crimes these women had been convicted. "I do not know," replied Mrs. Fry; "I never have asked them that. We have all come short."

If in our dealings with our fellow-man, we acknowledge the Presence of God in the hearts of those around us, we would increase the power and pressure of that Presence within the heart; thereby increasing the light rather than accentuating the shadows of added accumulation of censure and blame.

"The door between us and heaven," said Gladstone, "cannot be open while that between us and our fellow-man is shut."

Says Marden; "There is a god in the meanest man; there is a philanthropist in the stingiest miser; there is a hero in the biggest coward, which an emergency great enough will call out."

To direct the attention of our youth toward the recognition, adoration and activation of the Creative God Principle within themselves and to accept, appreciate and reverence that same Divine Source within their fellowmen, will be the basic tenet of the philosophy of the forthcoming education of the New Age now upon us.

M. F. S.

THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD

(Lives of Great Men and Women Who Have Blessed the Human Race)

LORD BUDDHA—The Light of Asia

One of God's greatest blessings to mankind is the outpouring of His tenderness, solicitude and love for His children, through those who have found their way to Him and choose to abide within an earthly garment until they have taught "The Way" to others.

Great Teachers have come to humanity from time immemorial. We can trace forty-eight such Teachers, each an exposition of Their Own particular "Way." Two such outstanding Teachers of the Truth are the Beloved Jesus, Who has entered deeply into the Western mind and culture and Gautama Buddha, Who has influenced life so powerfully in the East.

Prince Siddartha, later to become "Buddha, The Enlightened One," was born a son to King Suddhodana in the early

part of the 7th Century B. C. Visions and prophecies preceded His birth in the full noon-day in May and all Heaven and Earth rejoiced. His mother fondly named Him "Siddartha" which seemed to fortell His destiny, for the name means "He Who has fulfilled His purpose."

He was carefully educated. His days were spent within the palace grounds so, in his seclusion, he never suffered from seeing the aged, ill and crippled. At sixteen, He married the beautiful Princess Yasodhra who became the mother of His son, Rohula.

Despite the luxury which surrounded Him, a restlessness entered His soul. All the unrest of His being crystallized into a consuming compassion for mankind when, eventually, He contacted the outer world beyond those palace grounds and saw the misery of the poor. Then He determined to find the *reason* for the sorrow of His people.

Beginning this search as a young man, Prince Siddartha determined to live a life of self-denial, hoping thus to find Illumination through the "trial and error" method, since this was the only Way which seemed open to Him at that time. He left family and riches to go forth in search of Truth in which He hoped to find the cessation of sorrow. Leaving His father's palace one night, He met a beggar upon the road and persuaded that beggar to exchange clothing with Him. Thus He set out in quest of Illumination with a begging bowl. He spent many hours each day in sincere meditation and contemplation. For six years, He practiced severe asceticism in the most extreme manner, even coming to the verge of death from his privations and still He seemed no nearer the Truth. Siddartha was then convinced that self-denial alone would not bring Him to the *Attainment of Truth.*

Wandering thus, He reached Gaya and seated Himself under the great bo-tree. Here many temptations assailed Him during meditation, through His disappointment at not yet finding Truth, desire arising from His great love for His family, hunger and doubt. However, His insatiable desire for Truth (in which He hoped to find the cessation of all sorrow under which mankind is laboring) arose above all.

After seven years of deep and continuous contemplation on a Wesak night in the light of the full moon in May, Siddartha entered into a very deep meditation, during which veil after

veil was lifted that covered the face of Truth. Finally, He beheld the fullness of that blessed Truth, which completely transfigured Him. Thus He gained the crown of "Buddhaship" and became Gautama Buddha.

"The Enlightened One" then went forth to teach the people as much as they would accept of what He had learned, for He was filled with Divine Wisdom which eventually became the doctrine of "The Middle Way." His first sermon, which became known as "The Great Sermon of the Wheel of the Law" constitutes the synthesis of the Truth which He gained in His vigil under the bo-tree.

Buddha proclaimed the Law, the Four Noble Truths and the Eight-fold Path. Herein He pronounced the doctrine of the Middle Path, The Way of Discrimination.

The four Noble Truths pronounced by the Blessed One are as follows:

1: Existence in the world of form creates sorrow which arises from a sense of separateness.

2: Sorrow is caused by base desires. Through the Law of the Circle, every desire sent forth brings back to it's sender the effects of its manifestation, good or evil.

3: The effacement of the thirst of selfish desires and earthly attachments.

4: To attain freedom from creating and sustaining selfish desires, man must follow the "Eight-fold Path" which leads to the liberation of mankind.

The tenets of the Eight-fold Path are: Right belief; right aims; right speech; right actions; right pursuit of life; right endeavor; right memory and right meditation. Through the practice of this discipline unwaveringly pursued, mankind will find Truth and the Way to peace.

"I, Myself, having reached the Other Shore, help others to cross the stream. I, Myself, having attained salvation, can help to save others. Being comforted, I comfort others and lead them to a place of refuge. I shall fill with joy all the beings whose limbs languish. I shall give happiness to those who are dying from distress." . . . Buddha.

"FINGER-GARLAND"

One of the many lovely and true stories told about our Beloved Buddha is the one concerning His experience with "Finger-garland," so named because he wore about his neck a string of fingers, one of which he took from each of his hapless victims. "Finger-garland" was the head of a band of robbers who lived in a large cave in the hills outside the city where Buddha and His disciples dwelled. "Finger-garland" was feared by all who knew of him.

One day, during an introspection of Himself, Beloved Buddha said: "I should like to prove to Myself just how much Divine Love I have been able to draw forth and how efficaciously I can make it work to harmonize the life I contact. I must test the strength of My love. How can I best do this?"

A little later, Beloved Buddha was seen leaving their humble dwelling alone, wending His way toward the cave of "Finger-garland" and His band. When Buddha arrived at the cave it was empty, for they were all out on one of their murderous pursuits. Walking as far back into the cave as possible, Buddha seated Himself on the ground and began His contemplation of God and His all-powerful Divine Love to harmoniously control everything. Hour after hour passed and Buddha poured continuously into that cave the golden light from His Heart Flame, qualifying It with the *feeling* of Divine Love which He was drawing from the Godhead. This began to saturate the atmosphere of the cave and became an invincible protection around His physical form in the hours that followed.

Finally, just before dusk, "Finger-garland" and his band returned to their home in the cave and, finding this individual therein (not knowing who He was) they quite naturally ordered Him out. Shouts of "Throw the old fool out"; "Let's get rid of Him", etc., filled the cave. When they ceased speaking for a moment, Buddha said very quietly: "Brothers, if you will just allow Me to sit here for a time, I promise to give you no trouble. Surely you will not mind My occupying such a small space. I shall find My own food and drink".

Although the bandits were not aware of what was happening, they could not withstand the pressure of the Divine Love Buddha was releasing and so, after a good deal of wrangling

pro and con, they decided to let Him stay, from then on ignoring His presence to the best of their ability.

The first day or so the bandits felt self-conscious and awkward in His presence but as the days went on, they completely forgot about Him in the interests of planning their crimes, right in Buddha's aura as it were. Never a word passed from Beloved Buddha's lips during this self-imposed "test" except the words He had spoken to the men the day of His arrival. Thus He stayed for about two weeks.

At the end of this time, the Emperor's wife became very ill and His first thought was to have Buddha come and heal her. When the Emperor's messenger arrived at the humble dwelling of Buddha and His disciples, he was told that Buddha had gone to abide for a time in the cave of "Finger-garland." The messenger proceeded to this cave and met one of the bandits at its entrance. Announcing himself as the Emperor's messenger, he said he had a message from the Emperor for Buddha. He said he had been told that Buddha was there. This was the first inkling the bandits had of the identity of their "intruder" (as they considered him) and they were duly amazed. However, the message was given to "Finger-garland" (head of the "band") and he personally presented it to Buddha. After reading it, Buddha handed the message back to "Finger-garland" saying: "You go and heal her."

"Finger-garland" laughed heartily at this idea, saying: "Me? I don't heal 'em; I kill 'em!"

Said the Beloved Buddha: "The same energy does both. You go and I will help you."

Unable to resist Buddha's heavenly radiance and blessing, "Finger-garland" did go and the moment he entered the room, the Emperor's wife arose from her bed, wholly healed. "Finger-garland" and his entire band then became disciples of that great Being, Who, with no weapon but God's unfailing love, had won the confidence and loyalty of these previously misguided men.

How great is the strength and power of God's love through you and me?

BEYOND THE VEIL

A True Story

The beautiful experience here recorded is in every detail as it was revealed in confidence many years past. The seal of secrecy is now broken, for the lovely lady has returned to life "beyond the veil" (Heaven) to come out no more. The recorded memory of her brief sojourn in Heaven may bring comfort to you, and it is in her memory and with her blessing that it is now recounted for your enjoyment and illumination.

Lady Maye lay imprisoned within a body filled with pain as death and birth struggled for supremacy within her. At last, her child was born but the precious incoming spirit soon parted with the too new bonds of its flesh garment and the little cry of life was still, to be heard no more. So, too, the spirit of the mother departed and only silence filled the chamber with despair for those who stood helplessly by.

Sir William knelt in broken hearted anguish beside the two still forms. No sound came for many hours save the oft repeated entreaty of his anguished mortal love. "Maye! Maye! Come back! Come home!" But the form of Maye was still, with its hands gently and reverently folded in peace.

Lady Maye heard not, nor did she feel the strong pull of her husband's love that endeavored to bind her to him. Caught in her sickness and in the pain of the premature birth of her longed-for son, she had clung to the hem of the garment of the Angel of Deliverance from mortal form, than to the waiting hand of the Angel of Life. To those watching over her, the tossing of her form seemed to be but the convulsions of a dying body. Later Lady Maye recounted her own experience to her loved ones. She was not as mindful of the physical pain as she was of the cascades of beautiful and fragrant purple lilac blossoms being scattered upon her prostrate form by the unseen hands of Ministering Angels Who surrounded her and she was tossing to and fro in an endeavor to free her head from the blanket of flowers descending from Above.

At last, her spirit stood forth free and apart from her physical body. The Angel of Deliverance gently lifted the soul of the babe and layed its small form tenderly into its mother's arms which were already laden with fragrant lilac blooms. A beautiful smile illumined the Angel's countenance as He silently

indicated the direction in which mother and child, in the shining wake of the Angel's Presence, would proceed. Just then, like an echo from another world, was heard the faint and pleading call, "Maye! Maye!" The gracious lady hesitated as though some memory bid her tarry, but the Angel touched her arm lightly and gently indicated once more the direction in which they were to proceed.

Oh, the beauty and peace of the land beyond the veil! There were subtle breezes like the music of lullabys for the babe; soft, moss green grass, delicate blue skies; no clamor, no pain and the comforting Presence of the Angel by her side. Lady Maye was wafted along as she no longer labored under the physical body's weight and traveling was exhilarating, as well as filled with joyful expectancy. On either hand, at short distances, could be seen others traveling in like manner, each with their Divine Attendants. Children skipped and danced and sang joyously; the aged were encouraged and supported by their Companion Comforters, while those not yet wakened from the deep sleep which often accompanies so-called death were carried in comfortable litters and many there were whose consciousness still was clothed in the pain and distress which they had experienced before so-called death. To these were assigned special Guardians and Assistants until such time as the stricken one realized and could accept their freedom and release and were prepared to go their way unaided. Such is the kindness and mercy of God's Angelic ministry. Between Lady Maye and the Angel of Deliverance was a profound but pleasant silence in which there was complete understanding without the need of words. There was within all the travelers both a feeling and the inner knowledge that all was well. Then again that far-off cry of anguish came filtering through our Lady's consciousness from her distraught and bereaved husband. "Maye! Maye! Maye!" Hesitating a moment, she glanced backward toward the horizons from whence she had come with her babe and then, in silence, she turned again to the smiling countenance of her Angel Guide and continued walking beside Him toward the sunrise of a new life "beyond the veil".

A shining river could now be seen although the farther bank was concealed in a golden mist which shimmered like molten sunlight. Beneath tall trees which marked the nearer

shore was moored a beautiful open boat within which were many luxurious couches and reclining chairs and all manner of comforts for those who were to embark for the other shining shore.

The babe stirred and, opening its starry eyes, looked deeply into its mother's very heart then slept again in the blissful aura of mother love, helpless, hopeful, trusting, abiding at peace within that love which gave it solace and comfort.

Lady Maye and the many other travelers now approached the vessel which was festooned with garlands of flowers of every kind known and loved by those who were to be its passengers. The sky was blazing and breathtakingly beautiful as the spiritual Sun rose majestically over the horizon. It was as though the Golden Gates of Heaven were opening to receive those newly released from their physical bodies and who were now "homeward bound." Lady Maye stepped lightly into the waiting vessel along with her Angel Companion Who found for her a lilac-strewn chaise in which she might recline at ease with her babe. All was eager expectancy as the boat prepared to cast off and convey its passengers to the further hidden shore. Then once more, clearer, more poignant, more compelling, came the call, "Maye! Maye! Maye! Come back! Come back to me!" This time the strong call from her loved one on Earth reached out and claimed its own. Lady Maye arose at once from her place, gently laid the sleeping babe into the arms of her Angel Guide, kissed its small hands and its serene, little face with tenderness so lightly that it might not waken and miss her too soon. Then swiftly and silently she turned and set her foot once more upon the shore of embarkment. Hurriedly she responded to the heart call of her loved one in his human need, returned to the abandoned shell of her physical body and voluntarily entered the cast-off flesh with all its pain, while unseen Angels of Ministration hovered once more over her struggling form. Then it was that Sir William beheld his beloved stirring from the death sleep. His joy and gratitude surged forth like the rushing of the winds to welcome his beloved Lady Maye's return from "beyond the veil".

Days, weeks, months and years passed while the spirit of our Lady struggled to regain the use of a discarded form already in the first stages of dissolution. It was at last achieved but memory never failed to recall to her the Angel and the babe

and that experience in the life "beyond the veil" and the beauty and peace that might have been.

I was a young child then, but often I could feel the yearning in her heart for what was now beyond recall. As the years passed, there were many problems. Sir William grew restless too and the love and sacrifices were forgotten; only bitterness remained. The selfish desirings of the mortal consciousness were fulfilled without happiness and with much tribulation, but the die was cast when Lady Maye laid her babe in the Angel's arms and placed her foot upon the returning shore. With life locked within the human heart, the stage is set and the play must go on; the choice is made and there is no returning. Could man but know the suffering when the mortal consciousness interferes with God's Perfect Plan. . . . Could the consciousness but accept the rewards of God's Mercy and Grace when the soul is offered release from the earthly garment and freedom from the pull of that which only binds and never frees the soul. . . . Then would death become a joyful passing and a glad release; a cause for gratitude and praise for the freed soul and its loved ones on Earth that at last another of God's children had returned "Home". Heavy is the burden of him who, for his sake alone, calls back the soul of one he professes to love, in order to have the temporary pleasure of further association in the world of form.

Mercy dimmed the memory of beloved Lady Maye's temporary freedom and new opportunities for soul growth presented themselves and clothed her in robes of beauty and grace. Sir William, too, grew into a stalwart soul. Finally when the Golden Veil was rent from his homecoming, great was his joy to find his instant release. Only then did he know that it is indeed a sin to recall those who approach the "Homeland" on the further shore. There he waited in patience and love during the passing years until he himself might welcome Lady Maye as joyfully as before, as she once more set foot within the flower-festooned vessel to be brought triumphantly to the "Homeland". Of these two children of the One God there is little more to recall except the sweet words of Revelations—"He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of My God and *he shall go out no more.*"

GRATITUDE

(The Open Door to Bountiful Supply)

Dear, dear Claire: October 1, 1955

God bless you and yours. Thanks so much for your latest letter about Sally Young's marriage. It was so good of you to write me and give me all the news about her magnificent wedding; telling me all about her husband—the wealthy Mr. Harris who must own at least half your town up there. From what you say, I am sure they will be very companionable and have a happy life together.

Claire, you must remember as well as I do that, when Sally was orphaned by the sudden death of both parents during her High School days, she went to live with neighbors who, while they had nothing spectacular to offer her in the way of a home, still they took her into their hearts and she was welcome to what they had. Do you remember how grateful she was to them for that? Sally was grateful for everything. She once told me confidentially that every morning on awakening, she would first of all thank God for her life, asking Him to see to it for her that she used it all that day to bless those she met. Unusual, don't you think? You know she rarely ever had a new piece of clothing which was hers alone. She wore things folks gave her which "still had some wear in them" and you know she always looked nice too. Bless her heart! One time she said there was one thing about wearing "hand-me-downs"—you couldn't wear them long enough to tire of them because they wore out first!

Now that lovely girl has something for which to be TRULY grateful—a kind, good-looking, respected husband, able to provide for Sally financially too. So, she fulfilled the Law of Life, for the constant feeling of gratitude is the wide Open Door to ALL of God's good gifts. Everyone could wisely start Sally's habit of being SO GRATEFUL for all we NOW have, keeping the door open for more to appear.

Shall write again later. Meanwhile, I am SO GRATEFUL for your friendship and love to me.

Lovingly all ways—
"I AM" Bea
(Mrs. B. A. Blessing)